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pany have given us a good specimen in another book of travels, "Cuba with Pen and Pencil, by Samuel Hazard"—a curious pendant to "Col. Knox's Russia"—there the rugged vigor of youthful northern barbarism and nascent development—here the effete and tropic languor of an over-ripe and degenerate civilization. The author's style is not polished nor correct, but shows rather the hearty directness and freshness of the soldier and man of action than the studious accuracy of the scholar. He is sometimes a little puerile, and occasionally indulges in rather more slang than we could wish in a book designed to outlive the ephemeral fortnight of the hotel reading-room or the book club. But his observation is quick, minute, and accurate, and his pictures of the pleasant, lazy, sensuous, good-natured Cuban life and gorgeous island scenery are vivid and photographic. His naïf and ever-recurrent admiration for the brunette señoras is outspoken, but respectful and in good taste, and in thorough keeping with the ideal of the impulsive but well-bred Southerner. We put down the book with the impression that Mr. Hazard must have been a cheerful, talkative, kindly traveling companion, and a feeling of regret that it was not our fate to bear him company in his breezy rides over the smiling Cuban hills, or his delicious sauntering through the odorous and starlit gloom of Havanese *alamedas*.

In Messrs. Appletons' new publication—"Life and Nature under the Tropics"—we plunge, at a bound, from the refinements of Creole civilization into the wildest desolation of the South-tropical forests and streams. In the Summer of 1867, a scientific expedition, originating at Williams College, started for South America, the authors, Messrs. H. M. and P. V. N. Myers, being among the number. A portion of the company, landing at La Guayra, in Venezuela, passed up the Orinoco, over to the head-waters of the Rio Negro, and down that river to its junction with the Amazon at Manaos. The other party, landing in Peru, visiting Quito, and, crossing the Andes, within full sight of Chimborazo, came down by the Rio Napo and the Amazons to Pará, at the mouth of the mighty stream, where they rejoined their friends. The merit of the book lies in its minuteness of detail on the various matters of science and natural history contemplated in the expedition; in its freshness and directness of description; and in the frank, manly simplicity and enthusiasm of the young authors. The brevity and unpretending plainness and clearness of the style is no slight credit to youths at an age and under circumstances popularly supposed to foster very different qualities. It would be impossible to give even a slight idea of the bewildering mass of curious, wild, and interesting fact and observation contained in this excellent little book. Impassable forests, sullen lagoons, and desolate *llanos*, mighty rivers, savage and frowning cordilleras, gorgeous and curious birds and beasts, swarming and pestilent insects, privation and adventure, picture and romance, superstition and barbarous rudeness—such are the staple features in the panorama of South American travel. It is clear that the young travelers found their journey by no means all play; they had occasion to bear themselves manfully in many a perilous strait—many a vexatious and trying predicament. We can heartily congratulate them on the perseverance and pluck which carried them through, and to which we are indebted for another pleasant book of travels.

One more "rashly importunate"—one more wandering Peri knocks at the gate of poetic Eden, only, we fear, to be turned back till she bring the talisman which alone can gain her entrance. Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke, a lady well known, if we mistake not, in Southern, especially in Washington literary circles, sends us a poem—"Clytie and Zenobia, or the Lily and the Palm"—founded on the incident in Palmyrene history of Odenatus' assassination by his nephew Maeonius, and the assumption of the throne by Zenobia. The lady has adopted a Byronic metre, which, under a master hand, may glow with life and force, but not otherwise. With her own not very imaginative treatment, and with the frequent prosaic and unpleasantly commonplace character of the language and rhythmic construction, we are reminded less of *Parisina* than *Priscilla*; to put it more plainly, the little poem, spite of some smooth versification and an occasional high-colored and graceful description, is apt to run into school-girl insipidity and doggerel. The minuteness of her analysis of womanly character is not warranted by the originality or brilliancy of the thought; and the philosophic coolness of Odenatus' patent flirtation with Clytie, under the face and eyes of his majestic queen, though it may be historically accurate, is psychologically improbable in the highest degree. The little book is beautifully printed by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., and we are forced to spend on the form of the publication that commendation which we must reluctantly refuse to the matter.

Among the late contributors to the poetic literature of our language none perhaps deserve higher consideration than William Morris. The earlier productions of this poet, published some ten years since, neither received nor indeed merited any degree of public favor. When, after some years of silence, he made his appearance once more, he came full armed, and astonished those who had already consigned him to the oblivion of unsuccessful poets, with his "Life and Death of Jason," a work that at once commanded admiration for its varied excellence and matured poetic beauty. Since then Morris has written fast and well. The third volume of his "Earthly Paradise" has just issued from the press of Roberts Brothers. Under this odd title Mr. Morris has collected a number of exceedingly interesting poems. They are stories taken partly from the old Norse legends and partly from the Greek mythology.

Among the latter are *The Story of Atalanta*—*The Love of Alceste*—*The Adventures of Hercules* in his quest of the Golden Apples of the Hesperides—*The Exploits of Perseus*: his slaying of the Gorgon and his rescue of Andromeda, and many another tale that seemed dry and barren enough to us when they were read in college by the aid of grammar and lexicon, but which, translated by Mr. Morris' magic pen into delightful verse, and decked out in glowing language and enriched with every subtle grace of poetry and felicity of expression, are more charming than the stories of the "Arabian Nights." These books contain material to furnish many a delightful hour. They are in spirit similar to Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," and in form quite as poetic and beautiful.

"The Snow Man" of George Sand, translated by Virginia Vaughan, and published by Roberts Brothers, is handed to us too late to say more than this—that it is a fascinating book, excellently translated, which, once picked up, must be finished.

ART.

CONTINUING our walk up Broadway, as proposed in our last number, and, turning in at Snedecor's, our eyes are first attracted, on entrance, by a late work of Coleman's, "The Regatta." It is a hasty effort, and looks as if painted to order, as a souvenir of the event, for one of the many wealthy yachting men interested in the competition. Something of Coleman's old power in treatment of space and atmospheric distance is still perceptible; but the coloring is cold, and the handling thin and careless. The water, in particular, is sketchy and conventional, and the whole picture greatly wanting in that rich pervading glow of light and delicacy of tone which used to be a noteworthy trait in this artist's work. An Alpine scene, by Lindar, is boldly and skillfully drawn, though somewhat hard and commonplace in the execution and color. Wier's "Lago Maggiore" is too opaque and porcelain-like in surface, but is excellent for its dazzling, blinding glare and hot, fierce haze of noon-day Italian heat.

Two or three cabinet bits, by Pécrus and Caille, remind us of the better work, of which we have lately seen so much, by Plassan and others. The present specimens are carefully painted, but are a little poor in color, and not remarkable for force of invention. "The Atelier," by Chavet, however, is spirited and well painted, in this artist's well-known style. Weber has a good landscape, and Victor Nehlig a couple of figure-pieces, one of which, "The Court Fool," is life-like and humorous.

We miss from the gallery some good bits, by the Smillies, which were, till recently, on the walls; their place has been taken by a variety of color-prints and tinted photographs. One of these, "The Cottage Porch," is really charming for its rich profusion of interlacing foliage, and its delicate tracery of leaf, and twig, and flower, set off by—rather than setting off—the tasteful architecture of the rustic Gothic porch itself.

The Derby Collection has come and gone—in the good, legitimate way of bargain and sale. We earnestly hope that Mr. Derby has reason to be content with the material results of his art-venture, so much more valuable to our higher interests than all the rich-freighted galleons—all the purple and fine linen—the silks and spices—the frankincense and myrrh that ever were wafted from Tyrian havens or the shores of Araby the Blest. In most of its material, the collection did not, perhaps, rise above mediocrity; but even that mediocrity was pregnant with instruction for our own artists and art-critics. We have no inclination to exalt the *genre* school; but, if we must have *genre*, it is well to have it thorough and good of its kind. Much of the work in this line in the present—or past—collection was highly interesting from the amazing labor and mechanical skill—often from the taste, spirit, and invention—it displayed. The large picture of "Sheep," by Jacques, was a wonderful bit of conscientious but spirited and vigorous imitation of fleecy life—realism could no farther go. Chaplin's "Girl Teazed by *Amorette*" had a grace in drawing and a fresh naïveté in the conception singularly at variance with the heaviness and opaqueness of the color. In this respect, the author has rather gone back since his well-known "Girl Blowing Soap Bubbles" in the Luxembourg. Hof's picture, "The Unexpected Return," which brought one of the very highest prices at the sale, seemed to us a clever picture, but certainly—in the resulting figures of the auctioneer's list—overrated. But rich coloring and crisp handling of stuffs, furniture, and accessories, are evident merits, and meet the wants of every-day picture-dealers and collectors.

Out of the wilderness of good or mediocre matter claiming notice, in the three or four closely packed rooms, our memory returns with a certain persistence to settle on the three, to our thinking, representative pictures of the lot. "The Harvester," by Bouguereau, may stand as a fair type of the facile grace and rather superficial sweetness of this favorite artist. In all higher requisites of vigorous execution and lofty conception or feeling, it was, spite of the high price it brought, far inferior to the two between which it hung—Merle's "Washerwoman" and "The Potato Harvest" of Breton. Every one who has visited the Luxembourg will remember the exquisite pathos of Merle's masterpiece—"The Beggar Girl," with her extended hand and heart-breaking appeal of wan and tear-suffused eyes. There lies the whole magic—the one central point of expression. In color, this artist is often hard or even muddy—in drawing, he has many equals, or even superiors, though "The Washerwoman" is very beautiful for simple grace of attitude—but no man in Europe stands his peer for this wonderful power of expression in the eyes—for the touching glimpses he gives us, through those windows of the soul, into the endless possibilities of tender, or pensive, or pathetic feeling within.

Very different is the third picture, by Breton, "The Potato Harvest." No such evident sentiment here—no sinuous grace of line—no dulcet flush of youthful tint, or budding richness of girlish contour—but hard, stern realism in every stroke. Yet, to the thoughtful appreciation, what a dignity and impressiveness in the grand, simple outlines of this unpretending group—the very song of labor—the poetry of toil! And, then, how firm and effective the artist's touch—how strong and thorough his modeling, and how beautifully, lest we should lose the lesson by our carelessness, he has consecrated the whole poem by the warm flush of the sunset sky and the rich, harmonious, pervading tone of which Breton, more than any modern painter, seems to hold the key! The picture sold at a figure as much below one or two of the more evident favorites, as it should have been above; but when the great master shall have passed away, what sum will his pictures bring?

But the pictures are gone—and our benediction goes with them—as it equally awaits the æsthetic speculator who, for no matter what interested ends of his own, shall, in future, bring us as good or—if it may be—better work from the other side. With the outcry against Mr. Derby as covetous and unpatriotic for speculating in foreign pictures, to the detriment of native artists, we have no sympathy. Protection may be good policy or no, in the ordinary channels of trade, but it has no place in the free and open mart of artistic production. The only way for our artists to compete fairly with their European brethren is to paint better pictures. We want the best European work, not merely here and there, in chance glimpses and by infrequent occasions, but everywhere, at every time, and at will—not only as a luxury for the present, but as a stimulus and instruction for the future.

MUSIC.

THE great army of music-lovers is, and probably always will be, arrayed in two contrasted camps. The one might, for want of a better title, be designated the emotional school—the other the intellectual. The one, in a general way, is represented by the Italians, the other by the Germans. Personal taste and temperament will always be the influence which determines individual preference for the one or the other. The liberal student of æsthetics will strive to recognize the merits which inhere in each, corresponding as they do to broad and primal elements in human nature, and to guard by a generous culture against narrowness or exaggeration in an exclusive devotion to either. The former clearly appeals to more evident principles and more general phenomena than the other. As its laws are drawn more directly from every day observation of ourselves or our neighbors, so its influence is far more immediate on the superficial and average characteristics of humanity. Melody and rhythm are its main features, and these are elements which have validity, in some form and to some degree, among all races which have attained any tolerable degree of civilization. However jarring, incoherent, or discordant may be to our ears the twanging and strumming of the Chinese fiddle or the thunder of the Egyptian *tarabouka*, it is clear that mild-eyed mandarins and bearded dervises find in these simple instruments a sentimental charm—a nervous and emotional stimulus—akin to that which the European opera-goer derives from the strains of Auber or Donizetti.

With the progress of culture in modern nations, the exclusive value of melody yields to the growing influence of harmony; the ruder rules of early musical composition develop into the difficult science of counterpoint. The simpler component of *tune* blends with the more complex phenomena of composition—of light and shade—accord and discord—masses and contrasts—in short, all the varied and intricate musical elements which go to make up that triumph of modern art—the symphony. It would require an essay to thoroughly point out how and where, in the appreciation of such work as this, the intellect takes prominent and indispensable place. Those who are familiar with the doctrine of *unconscious thought* will feel little hesitation at admitting a probable or actual effect of the highest forms of musical composition on the intellectual side of our nature, as the more evident and popular music clearly reacts on the fancy and the emotions. It may be evident, without extended discussion, that the element of comparison, arrangement, relation—so essential in the art of thorough-base or its products, must appeal rather to the logical and perceptive faculties than to the sensational. Even without such theoretic examination, the cultivated auditor will find, in experience, that an evening passed in listening to a series of ballads or opera airs will have a far different result on his mental system from a soiree of chamber music or symphony. Without being blind to the wondrous skill with which Mozart and Beethoven have taken advantage of the sensuous element of the soul, he will yet feel that they have not relied mainly or entirely upon this, but have brought him deeper good and a profounder joy. Without claiming to have read in their strains either syllogisms or systems, he will still be conscious of some deep, hidden, impalpable mental process not unakin to thought; and, if in anything like spiritual sympathy with the composer, he will come from the evening's careful listening, a wiser, and certainly not a sadder man.

With all due allowance for the influence of example, or affectation, or pedantry in many impressible people, and recognizing the torrent of reproach to which we expose ourselves by even an appearance of partizanship, we must still admit a certain preponderant tendency, on the part of the most thoughtful people, to prefer the school of harmony to that of mere melody. Without shutting our eyes to the pleasure to be had from either, we may be excused for believing that Beethoven and Haydn, Mendelssohn and Schumann do, on the whole, supply us with better soul furniture, with more solid material for after reflection and development, even with inspiration to purer and more lasting *emotion*, than Bellini, or Auber, or Verdi.

Confessing, then, the delight we have so often taken in the most florid and popular of Italian arias, as, per contra, the weary bewildered we have sometimes suffered under the ultra scientific efforts of the German muse, we still find small cause for sorrow in the decline of opera in our city. Pleasant as it is, this luxurious entertainment still comprises far too many foreign elements to be in the highest sense a pure artistic enjoyment. The lust of the eye, personal grace and comeliness of the performers, splendor of decoration and dress, the sentimental and somewhat sensuous effect of the passions delineated, together with the excitement of lights, gayety, vanity, and society, which forms so large a proportion in the enjoyment of nine out of ten of the opera public—all this, though innocent enough, if you please, can hardly be said to belong to the realm of pure æsthetics. That the opera is, in view of the expense involved, in some sense an undemocratic institution is no great concern of ours, though this consideration may somewhat mitigate our grief at its decline. Neither are we fond, especially in artistic matters, of a pedantic overstraining after the moralities. Were opera a fixed fact among us, we should be glad to see it bloom in peace, free to rejoice at convenient seasons in the mellifluous magnetism of Lagrange or Alboni, Kellogg or Patti, without fear and without reproach. It is pleasant to trace in such enjoyment a pervading, if somewhat superficial influence in refining the public or the individual taste; and, while there are ways of passing an evening which are morally and intellectually more laudable, there are certainly thousands which are less so. But as bearing on the development of musical taste and feeling in our midst, the lack of operatic talent and decay of operatic enterprise, which begin to be commented on by the press, are scarcely cause for serious affliction, especially when supplemented, as they are, by a correspondent activity and prosperity in the severer walks of the art. Thomas and Bergman, Mehlig and Krebs, Hoffman and Mills—all these, with their higher inspiration and purer forms of art are ready to supply the void left by Strakosch and Maretzek. While thankful for all the good things gone, and ready to greet their re-appearance in good time, it may do us no harm to bend our souls to less evident delights—to worship the severer muses, and in losing the less to be thankful that we have kept the greater.